

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by
Samuel Field From the
Successful Play
by
ROI COOPER MEGRUE
and
WALTER HACKETT

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CHAPTER VIII. Business and Love.

RODNEY'S back was turned on his old life now—there was no doubt of that. The boy was usually the first after Mary to reach the office. Peale was always late. "I say, Peale," Rodney would say, "you're late again. It's got to stop. Here it is 10 o'clock."

"Don't scold, little boss," Peale would answer as he hung up his coat. "That blamed alarm clock—first time in my life it didn't go off."

"I'm afraid that's old stuff," Rodney would answer sternly.

One morning Peale looked at the little boss in great surprise.

"Holy Peter Piper, you've shaved off your mustache," he ejaculated.

"Yes," said Rodney, grinning, "I'm just beginning to get on to myself. By George, I certainly used to look



"By George, I certainly used to look like the deuce."

like the deuce. Do you observe the clothes?" he added, rising and turning round.

"Why, you're getting to be a regular business man. My tuition," said Peale.

"You bet your life. Business is great fun," said Rodney. "I thought it would bore me, but it's immense; it's the best game I ever played. What's the news with you?"

"Well, I've been on father's trail," answered Peale. "We only just got back from Buffalo this morning."

"We?" queried Rodney.

"Yes, your father and I," Peale explained. "He went to the Intercolonial in Buffalo. I had all the billboards in the neighborhood plastered thick and forty-eight street stands along the streets to the railroad station. From the time the old man got in until he got out he couldn't look anywhere without seeing 13 Soap. I even found out the number of his room and had a small balloon floating 13 Soap streamers right outside his window. I took a page in all the Buffalo papers, bribed the hat boy to keep putting circulars in his hat every time he checked in and sent him one of our new folders every mail. I came back with him on the train, and when he went into the washroom last night I had the porter say, 'Sorry, sir, we ain't got no 13 Soap, but you can't hardly keep any on hand—it's such grand, grand soap.'"

"Another day Rodney calmly said to Peale, 'I have plans for our new factory.'"

"Plans for what? Have you gone dippy?"

"Here they are," said Rodney, producing a large blue print. "Pretty real looking, aren't they?"

"You don't mean you've actually got some nut to build us a factory?" shouted Peale.

"No, no. They are to impress father. Don't you see?"

"Oh, yes. Well, that is an idea," admitted Peale.

"If he ever does drop in to make a deal," said Rodney, "I thought we ought to have something to make a front—something that looks like a plant. And by the way, if we can let it leak out that it's the Andover soap people who are backing us with unlimited capital," went on Rodney.

"The Andover soap people?" Peale inquired.

"Sure! Father's always hated 'em in business," explained Rodney. "His oldest friend, though, is John Clark, one of the big bugs in that company. Clark's got a son, Ellery. That father

dislikes because he's such a success in business—always held him up to me as a model son to pattern by. It would make father wild if he thought that old Clark was going to back us."

"Then that scheme ought to be good for a great rise out of father. Say, by the way, I put over a corner on him this morning," chuckled Peale. "I arranged for a parade of sandwich men up and down in front of his house. When he got to his office there was another bunch there."

"Isn't it funny, though, that nobody's tried to buy any soap from us yet?" asked Rodney, with some anxiety.

This was a very tender point with the soap company. Mary and Rodney worried over it, and Rodney dreamed at night about it. An occasional small order that might filter in from some remote outlying district or some small merchant whose credit was doubtful, was gazed upon as parents gaze at their first baby.

"It takes time to create a demand," he would say, but admitted that the 200 cakes of pink castle they had bought looked swell in their old rose wrappers. It was a pity they hadn't got a couple of hundred thousand dollars to go after this advertising thing on the level, instead of just for father. Neither he nor Rodney knew how much money they had left.

"Don't ask me," said Peale. "I'm not a financier. Where's our worthy bookkeeper, Miss Grayson?" he added, looking at his watch. "It's nearly 11."

"I'll bet she was here before either of us," she always is. By George, isn't she a corker?" began Rodney lyrically.

"Oh, she's all right," agreed Peale differently.

"All right! Why, the girls you read about don't mean anything compared to Mary," began the ecstatic lover. "She's got Juliet beat a mile. Every time I think of her I want to yell or do some other darn fool thing, and every time I see her I just want to get down and kiss her shoes."

Rodney said all this and could have said much more, but Peale's mind was on other things.

"If we could only land one hard wallop on father after that Buffalo business," he reflected sadly, still on business.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" demanded Rodney indignantly.

"Not a word," said Peale.

"I was talking about Mary."

"I know, you were. That's why I didn't listen," said Peale delicately.

"Speak of the goddess," he added, as Mary just then entered.

She was dressed neatly and appropriately to her new role, distinguishing between the tone of the old Martin offices and this new enterprise into which she had been drawn by such curious processes. To Rodney as always, this morning and every morning, she was a vision of loveliness, a refreshment for tired eyes.

"Ah, you're here!" he said joyfully. "Now everything's all right. It's a

"Don't be silly," said Mary briskly. "This is a business office."

"By George, Mary," began Rodney again.

"Miss Grayson?" corrected Mary.

"By George, Miss Grayson, you do look simply stunning. You're twice as pretty today as you were yesterday, and tomorrow you'll be"—

"Hey, hey, change the record, or put on a soft needle," put in Peale good naturedly. Mary rewarded him with her approval.

"Quite right—in business hours only business," she said.

"But you certainly are the prettiest thing," persisted Rodney.

"Am I?" said Mary.

"Well," said Peale, "it looks to me as if you two were going to play another love scene, so I shall attend to a little business. Exit advertising manager up stage," he laughed, going out.

"By George, Mary, it seems a hundred years since yesterday. I do love you," Rodney began again, when they were alone.

"Do you really?"

"Why, of course!"

"Isn't that you're just in love with love," suggested Mary with a thoughtful look, "and that I've been very blue eyed and baby faced?"

"I should say not," protested Rodney. "Why, you're not a bit like that."

"Oh! Why do you love me, then?"

"I don't know."

"You see?" said Mary accusingly.

"I mean, why does anybody love anybody?" Rodney expounded. "I can't explain. It's just that you're you. I guess, I can't talk the way they do in books. I wish I could. All I know is that if you left here I'd quit too. I'd just want to walk around after you all the rest of my life and say, 'Are you comfortable, my love? Are you happy? If there is anything on the wide earth you want let me get it for you, Mary. What a wonderful name that is—just like you, simple and honest and beautiful. Mary!'"

"And you really love me like that?" asked Mary.

"No. A million times more."

"Oh, Rodney, Rodney," she said, almost crying.

"What's the matter?" asked her lover anxiously. "You love me too, don't you?"

"It means a lot to me to see you succeed," sighed Mary.

"But it isn't just the success, just the money, is it?" queried the boy.

Mary paused awhile and then answered, "No, I don't think it is."

"Then when will you marry me?" he began eagerly.

"Not in business hours!"

"Very well, we'll wait till after 6."

"No, you agreed not until you'd made good."

"I know, I know, but it's mighty hard to be engaged and not to be allowed to kiss you. You won't even let me come to see you—much. It's all just business. Do you love me?"

"Do you doubt that I do?"

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is such good tobacco you feel like you could just eat the smoke!

Yes, sir, P. A. puts a razor edge on your smoke-appetite-division that's nobby enough to be photographed! No other pipe and cigarette tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because no other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert. The patented process fixes that—and removes the tongue-bite and throat parch! Let that digest!



The toppy red bag, 5c

And that line of conversation is 24 kt., whether you play P. A. in your old jimmy pipe or roll it into a makin's cigarette. For you can put your little old blue-pencil O. K. right here that Prince Albert is a regular double-header for a single admission—as joy'us to your tongue and taste one way as the other!

Will the "rollers" kindly step forward for a spell and get some of this listen into their systems? Because Prince Albert certain and sure jams more joy into a makin's paper than ever before was figured up on two hands!

In the plain language of the hills, you can't any more resist such makin's tobacco than a bullfrog can pass up a piece of red flannel! Because P. A. hands to you everything any cigarette roller ever dreamed-out—rare flavor, and aroma, and mildness, and body; absolutely the best bet—the best smoke

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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you or any other man ever did roll and put the fire to! Men, we tell you to wise up.

P. A. is crimp cut and stays put—which means rolling P. A. is as easy as falling off a log. And it's good to remember P. A. is put up in the toppy red bag especially for you "rollers." Sells for the price of a jitney ride, 5c.

Now, will the "pipers" kindly open both ears?

Here's tobacco that has made it possible for three men to smoke pipes where one smoked before!

Any way you hook it up, Prince Albert is tobacco insurance! Yes, sir, it guarantees your future as well as your present smokings! And just makes your tongue so jimmy pipe joy'us that your smoke appetite grows whopping big. You men who "dassn't," we say you go to P. A., natural-like! Because there isn't a bite in a barrel of this national joy smoke.

Unlimber your old jimmy pipe! Dig it out of the dark corner, jam it brimful of P. A. And make fire with a match! Me-o-my!

You get acquainted with Prince Albert in the toppy red bag, 5c; or tidy red tin, 10c, but for the double-back-action-joy, you buy a crystal-glass pound humidor. And then you're set! You see, it has the sponge-moistener top and keeps P. A. at the highest top-notch point of perfection. Prince Albert is also sold in pound and half-pound tin humidors.



The tidy red tin, 10c

"No, but I'd like to hear you say you do."

"I won't gratify your vanity. We must stick to soap and advertising. Is that understood?"

"That's supposed to be for today anyhow," he agreed, then leaned over and kissed her suddenly.

"Oh, Rodney!" protested the secretary.

"They say stolen kisses are sweetest, but I don't think so," he said, laughing. "They're so darned short. Won't you give me a real one?"

Mary shook her head.

"No. Now to business."

Rodney sat down again with an air of resignation.

"Well, then if this is a business office what do you mean by not getting down here till nearly 11?" he demanded sternly. He did not really think she had been remiss. He was only teasing her, of course. He was the optimistic one and knew things were all right. Peale had hypnotized him with his advertising magic.

It had been great fun reading the ads. They had seemed so large and conspicuous and inescapable. You would have thought that every reader of the newspapers, every traveler in the cars or busses in the special section marked out by Peale for old Mr. Martin's benefit, would have ordered 13 Soap straightway next morning whether they needed more toilet soap or not. Rodney had positively a feeling of self-consciousness as he walked downtown in the morning. There was a half formed thought in his head that he might even be pointed at in the streets as the president of the great 13 Soap company. Now Mary's grave face and her cool ways when he would have made love to her chased all such business reveries into thin air.

"I was here at 9," said Mary.

"I knew it. But where've you been?"

"That's what I've got to tell you. I'm sorry it's such bad news."

"It can't be very bad if it comes from you."

"But it is. I've been out trying to raise money."

"Why, Mary, are you in trouble?"

"No, but I am afraid you are."

"If you wanted money, why on earth didn't you come to me?" asked Rodney.

"Because you haven't any. This firm's broke. I was surprised, too, when I balanced the books this morning," said Mary, "but you've spent a lot these last two days. Here's a statement of assets and liabilities. You owe \$22,818.00."

"Great Scott, what are our assets?"

"One hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirteen cents."

Rodney shook his head courageously.

"That's quite a showing for a month," he chaffed.

"And Mr. Jones, the advertising man, was here this morning too. He won't wait any longer for his money," went on Mary.

"But we paid him \$5,000 not long ago."

"And we still owe him \$9,400," said Mary. "Unless he gets \$2,500 of it today he says he will put you out of business."

"You didn't manage to raise any money while you were out, did you?" Rodney asked, pocketing his qualms about the source of Mary's capital.

"Not a cent," said Mary. "And you haven't heard from the countess since that day she signed the contract?"

"Not a word," said Rodney, and added hopefully. "But maybe we shall soon."

"I don't know what we're going to do," said Mary, sighing.

But Rodney was still hopeful and inclined to cheer up.

(To Be Continued.)

Monument Sunk in Gulf of Riga.

The Petrograd correspondent of the Stockholm Svenska Tidende writes:

When the evacuation of Riga was begun the Russian government ordered the removal of the monument of Peter the Great from the city. The enormous statue was boxed up, but because of its weight the railroad declined to transport it. It was therefore decided to send it to Petrograd by water. After many difficulties the statue was finally loaded on a transport steamer, but this vessel encountered German torpedo boats and was sunk when it tried to leave the bay. In Riga the loss of the monument has been kept secret, but it is well known here that the Great Peter who was sent to the bottom of the sea has been dubbed "commander of the Russian submarine fleet" by local wits.

New Method of Healing Wounds.

A surgeon who has been at work among wounded Cossacks in the present war reports that ashes, preferably obtained by burning wool or cotton cloth, are excellent for healing wounds. When bound over the injury with the bandage which every soldier is supposed to carry the ashes relieve pain and favor prompt healing. This treatment is said to be particularly effective in wounds inflicted by sabers and bayonets.

Sound Travels Far.

The steam siren, under 72-pound pressure, has been heard for 40 miles, in tests in the navy. The next most powerful noisemaker is the steam whistle, audible 20 miles, while the ordinary buoy has made itself heard 15 miles.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher

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Serves meals and lunches at all hours from 7:30 a. m. until 1:00 p. m. We also have furnished rooms for lodgers. Grocery store in connection. Drunks kept out or you go to the coop.
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CENTRAL VT. RAILWAY

Trains Leave the following stations daily except Sunday.

IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 12, 1915

	No. 72	No. 26	No. 36
Cambridge Jct.	5:10 a. m.	9:20 a. m.	7:10 p. m.
Jeffersonville	5:15	9:24	7:14
Cambridge	5:28	9:30	7:20

Connections are to be made at Essex Junction as follows: No 72 with the Mail Train for all New England Points; No 26 with the New England States Limited Express for New England Points and with Local Passenger for Montreal; No. 36 with the night Express for all New England Points.

Estate of Leonard S. Collins

STATE OF VERMONT,
District of Lamoille, ss.

The Honorable Probate Court for the District aforesaid:

To the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Leonard S. Collins, late of Johnson, in said district, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, application hath been made to this court in writing by the Administrator of said estate, praying for license and authority to sell all of real estate of said deceased, to wit: Farm of about 200 acres, with buildings thereon, in that part of Johnson called "The Plot," being the home place of said Leonard S. Collins, and being all the real estate whereof the said Leonard S. Collins died seized and possessed; representing to said Court that it would be beneficial to the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, to sell said real estate and convert the same into money.

And bringing into Court the consent and approbation in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate.

WHEREUPON, the said Court appointed and assigned the 15th day of December, 1915, at the Probate Office in Hyde Park, in said District, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested therein by publishing said order, together with the time and place of hearing, three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested in said estate, all of which publications shall be previous to the day assigned for hearing.

THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place assigned, then and there in said Court to make your objections to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand at Hyde Park, in said District, this 15th day of November, 1915.

NOYES G. WOOD, Judge.

Estate of Leonard S. Collins

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioner, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Leonard S. Collins, late of Johnson, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the residence of Frank Dodge, in the Town of Johnson, in said District, on the 15th day of December and the 15th day of May next, from ten o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m. on each of said days, and that six months from the 15th day of November A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Johnson, this 20th day of November A. D. 1915.

F. L. COLLINS,
Commissioner.

Estate of James O'Brien

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioner, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of James O'Brien, late of Eden, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the residence of Clyde B. Carr, in the Town of Waterbury, in said District, on the 15th day of December and the 15th day of May next, from ten o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m. on each of said days, and that six months from the 15th day of November A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Waterbury, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1915.

F. P. COLLINS,
Commissioner.

Estate of Lemuel C. Pierce

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioner, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Lemuel C. Pierce, late of Waterbury, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the home of Clyde B. Carr, in the Town of Waterbury, in said District, on the 15th day of December and the 15th day of May next, from ten o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m. on each of said days, and that six months from the 15th day of November A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Waterbury, this 22nd day of Nov. A. D. 1915.

R. B. LEACH,
Commissioner.

Estate of Lemuel C. Pierce

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioner, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and